

TOPICS IN PARIS.

FESTIVITIES AND FUNERALS—PRINCESS MATHILDE'S QUEER LAWSUIT—WOES OF THE BICYCLISTS—GAMBLING AND PUBLIC BILLIARD TABLES.

Paris, November 2.

Busy and full of incident has been the last week here. Indeed, it could not have been more so had we been in the throes of the Parisian season instead of at its outset. There has been no end of grand marriages, magnificent funerals, queer lawsuits, the Feast of St. Crispin, All Saints' Day, the close of the flat racing season; and last, but not least, the Day of St. Hubert. St. Crispin is the patron saint of bootmakers, cobbler and tanners, who combined to celebrate the festival by a high mass in the ancient Church of St. Medard, which stands in the middle of the quarter of Paris principally affected by knights of the awl and by the leather industry in general. In happy contrast to former years, All Saints' Day was favored with a remarkably fine weather, and thus became a real fete day to the Parisians. The churches, in many instances, beautifully decorated, were crowded at both morning and afternoon services, and of the numbers that visited the cemeteries an idea may be gained from the fact that, whereas last year barely 200,000 people visited the graves of the dead, this year nearly half a million attended to that pious duty. It is singularly appropriate that this Jour des Morts should be just the particular day in the year which the undertakers' metes and other officials connected with the great funeral enterprise known as the Pompes Funebres should have adopted as their annual festival, which they celebrated, as usual, by the banquet popularly known as "the banquet of the sour herring," owing to its date coinciding with the arrival of the sour herrings in the Paris markets. The banquet was followed by a ball, at which, if we are to believe the reports of certain of the Parisian papers, the ladies wore crepe sashes and were offered bouquets and wreaths of immortelles in lieu of the usual floral tributes. The celebration of St. Hubert's Day has greatly fallen off since the Duc d'Aumale abolished the hunt at Chantilly, at the time of his banishment, and the St. Hubert's Mass, with its attendance of the huntmen and piqueurs in full livery, and the blessing of the baying hounds at the church door by the officiating priest, can only be seen in any of its old-time splendor at the chateaux of the great Jewish bankers and financiers which surround Paris, and whose proprietors deem it necessary to adopt this peculiar aristocratic survival of feudal customs along with the family portraits which they have purchased from the original proprietors of the castle.

The funeral of Princess Marguerite of Orleans had the effect of bringing together the whole of the Faubourg St. Germain, as well as all that portion of Parisian society that wishes to be considered as pertaining thereto. There must have been at least two or three thousand people who attended the obsequies, crowding the grand courtyard and salons of that magnificent palace, the Hotel Lambert, and also the ancient church of St. Louis-en-l'Isle. The walls of this church were entirely concealed by black draperies bearing the arms of the Czartoryskis, who formerly reigned as Grand Dukes of Lithuania, and are to this day the principal survivors of Polish royalty. Among the wreaths round the bier I noticed in particular one from the Princess of Wales of violets and tea roses, with a card bearing this legend in the handwriting of the Princess: "In loving remembrance of a faithful and devoted friend and cousin, Alexandra." Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador, brought a magnificent wreath from Queen Victoria, while the Portuguese Ambassador laid a similar offering from his King and Queen at the foot of the catafalque at the close of the religious ceremony the coffin was placed in the crypt of the church, where it is to remain until arrangements have been made for its transfer to the Czartoryski Castle of Sionowa, in Austrian Poland, for interment in the family vault. The Princess was tall, slight, and supremely elegant; her features were delicately chiselled, her eyes blue and expressive, while her hair was pale gold. She is greatly regretted here, especially among the poor, and a feature of her obsequies was the remarkably sympathetic attitude of the crowd which lined the streets through which the funeral procession passed, and which was composed for the most part of people belonging to the humbler walks of life.

Many houses of the Faubourg will be thrown into mourning by the death of the Marquis de Turenne, whose funeral took place on the day following that of the Princess Marguerite, and one of whose sons had recently been mentioned by the newspapers here as likely to become the husband of Mrs. Deacon. The Hozier, as the French Liber d'Oro, or Peerage, is called here, was well represented at the funeral, imperialists and royalists uniting to render a last tribute to the fine old sailor.

Another notable death was that of a man belonging to an entirely different class of society. He used to go by the name of "Father Prospektus," and for a quarter of a century had earned his living by frequenting those particular thoroughfares of the capital where the largest number of trade prospectuses and handbills are distributed. He seemed to know by intuition just the streets and the days where they were to be found in largest quantities, and was wont to collect enough to yield him an income of a franc a day.

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte has just been figuring as defendant in a rather amusing lawsuit, in which the principal point at issue was a cow. It seems that during the past summer the Princess had staying with her at St. Germain the grandchildren of the Comte Benedetti, formerly French Ambassador at Berlin, and that as the little boys required a large allowance of milk, the Princess purchased a Breton cow, which was guaranteed to yield ten litres of milk a day. The Breton cow did not fulfil the expectations as to her capacity, and the Princess threatened to return the animal to the seller, and get from him instead a more expensive cow of the Picardy breed. At the close of the season the Princess was astonished to receive a demand for payment for both cows, and as she declined to pay for the Breton animal, she was sued, the decision of the court being, of course, granted in her favor, after proceedings in which the traditional wit and brilliancy of some of our leading lawyers found full scope.

The woolen stocking of France, to which reference has so often been made by statesmen both at home and abroad in connection with the savings of the lower classes of the French bourgeoisie and of the peasantry, has hitherto been regarded to a great extent in the light of a mere figure of speech. The impression has, however, been for once in the way upset by the will of the late M. Fossignat, of the Academy, who died here the other day, bequeathing the whole of his fortune to the city of Paris. The entire sum amounted to nearly 1,000 francs, and was granted in the drawers of three or four old-fashioned bureaus in his bedroom, packed away in old woolen stockings, each one carefully tied at the end and ticked with dates from which it appeared that certain of them had not been opened from the time of the Commune.

of a couple of baggage wagons and a delay of over fifteen minutes. The fact is that if one puts more than a certain number of bicycles in a car the jolting of the railroad company together and in the train, the railroad company being thereupon held responsible for the damage. An attempt has been made by the railroad authorities to make each bicyclist sign a declaration releasing the company from all responsibility in connection therewith, but the courts held that the owners of wheels were under no obligation to give any such document, whereas the companies were bound to carry the machines. The wheelmen, the railroad companies have now under consideration a scheme for the organization of a number of cars, each line to be devoted exclusively to the conveyance of bicycles, much in the same way that horse boxes are provided. By this means the managers hope to be freed from the obligation under which they are at present laboring of conveying wheels which they are not allowed to store in their ordinary baggage cars at the various depots, which is a source of annoyance, trouble and great expense.

M. Leprieux, the new Prefect of Police, has just issued a very important decree, which has given much satisfaction, especially in the humbler quarters of the metropolis. Up to the present moment a government license and a police permit were needed for each public billiard table, and any wineshop keeper, cafe proprietor or open club man who was found to be operating a public billiard table on his premises without having paid the tax and obtained the permit was subjected to severe penalties. By a sweep of the pen M. Leprieux, who has already made a record for enlightened severity and for common-sense, has abolished both the tax and the permit, and henceforth everybody who likes to do so will be at liberty to keep a public billiard table. M. Leprieux thereby to diminish the frequency of the semi-public gambling establishments, against which he is waging a relentless war, rendered all the more timely by the revelations which have been made during the last week in the trial of the brothers Bertrand, the managers and owners of the so-called betting clubs. So grave have been the disclosures that two of the people incriminated have already committed suicide.

IT IS VERY HARD WORK.

A NAVAL OFFICER WHO THINKS THAT HE HAS ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH TO DO.

Every nation loves its navy, and the heart of the landsman goes out to the poor fellows who are cooped up for life within the steel walls of a man-of-war. And yet, when one pays a visit to such a ship as the new cruiser, New-York, he is filled with envy of the captain, the lieutenants and even the ensigns. When he stands upon the spar deck and gazes around he realizes that he has beneath his feet probably the finest war ship in the world, and feels that he would like to be part of her. He addresses himself to a lieutenant, enthusiastically:

"I'd give everything I've got in the world to be an officer on this vessel!"

"Take my place and let me go ashore," was his reply, quick as a flash.

"If it were possible I would exchange with you to-day. What a time you have! Pets of the Government, pets of the women. Nothing to do but feel proud of your ship and yourselves. Wear the handsomest uniform in the world, look spick and span, ready for business whether in love or war. Ah, what a life!"

The lieutenant seemed sad.

"You know not what you are saying," he answered. "You can have no idea how hard a life we lead. Look at that, and tell me if we lie on a bed of roses!"

Opening a locker he flung out a pair of overalls, blue, gray, spotted, oily, rusty. At sight of them the eyes of the landsman filled with tears of sympathy. And he, that beautiful officer, so spick and span, actually wore those nasty things!

"Is it possible that you, too, are obliged to scrub the ship?"

"I should never have thought it. I believed that was left to the jack tars and the midshipmen. I must scrub the ship with my own hands, even with the assistance of my own seamen. I don't believe I'll exchange with you."

"What filthy things. What do you do in them?"

"Oh, no. Once a week I have to inspect the inside of the hull, and it is necessary to go through every small hole, so to save my uniform I put on these overalls."

"Once a week? I drill some of the men in the morning—three drillings a week. I have just finished drilling a new crew. I'm tired, I'm tired. I was at it at least an hour and a quarter."

"Anything else disagreeable?"

"I have to scrub occasionally."

"You don't tell me so? It is pretty rough, ain't it? I never dreamed you fellows had such a terrible amount of hard work to do. The life of an officer is not a jolly one. Do you ever have a holiday?"

"Only two a week. The first, I am so tired that I lie around the ship to get rested. The second, I have to make a few calls, and when they are over I go back to my quarters and sleep."

"Well, old fellow, I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart. I'll go ashore and scrub the ship with my own hands, even with the assistance of my own seamen. I don't believe I'll exchange with you."

"Any size you like. Hop Wah, take two glasses and a confound in my room."

Follows:

CAPTAIN KAY'S MAT.

NOT MEANT TO BE A CASTAWAY.

The story of the resurrections powers of Xerxes Slocavine in my notes lately reminds me of another yarn, which at the risk of being considered as a fiction, I will spin for you, although, of course, it may have been told to some naval officers for years. It is a well-known protective custom, used by men who frequent London clubs, public houses and gaming houses, to have their names printed in the inside of their hats, and the best hat makers have typeset his hat, and a purchaser can, so to speak, insure his hat in this way without any extra expense.

Captain Kay, as we will call him, then in command of H. M. S. "Sparrow," at anchor in Aden Harbor, was having a cure for his rheumatism, and was, as the saying is, "in the water."

One day, while he was in the water, he saw a small boat, with a single man in it, rowing towards the ship. The man, who was a native of the island, came on board, and told him that he had been picked up by the boatkeeper of the "Sparrow," and that he had been taken to the hospital, where he had been lying for some time.

"Well, I've seen the last of that blessed hat," said Captain Kay, and, whistling cheerfully, descended to his cabin, where he was undisturbed by the resurrections power, for two days afterward a parcel arrived addressed to him by the name of Kay, and with three rupees eight annas to pay.

The money was paid, the parcel opened, and inside, looking more dispirited and disheveled than the hat, lay a letter, together with a very civil note from the superintendent of police, saying that one of the men who had been picked up by the boatkeeper of the "Sparrow," and who had been taken to the hospital, had been found by the name of Kay, and that he had been taken to the hospital, where he had been lying for some time.

"A FRIEND OF RUSKIN."

From The London Globe.

The death of Miss Susanna Beever, of Coniston, one of the most intimate of Mr. Ruskin's small circle, has been a great loss to the world. She was eighty-seven years old, and had spent nearly all her life at Coniston, in works of friendliness and charity. She was a devoted friend of Mr. Ruskin, and was one of the few women who were allowed to see him in his old age. She was a woman of great strength of mind, and was a great help to Mr. Ruskin in his work. She was a woman of great strength of mind, and was a great help to Mr. Ruskin in his work. She was a woman of great strength of mind, and was a great help to Mr. Ruskin in his work.

CIVILIZATION AT CABUL.

THE AMEER'S WORKSHOPS.

INDUSTRIES OF EUROPE AMONG THE AFGHAN HILLS.

AFTERNOON TEA AND CIGARETTES WITH A FOUR-YEAR-OLD PRINCE WHO HAS LEARNED TO SWEAR.

The British mission to Cabul has, it is announced, settled the vexed boundary question and established relations with the Ameer more amicable than ever before. This was, of course, the prime object of the mission, and the achievement of it is of the greatest value to England and to India. But there has been something else accomplished, of even more interest to the rest of the world, and that is the gaining and publishing of knowledge of the remarkable progress which the Afghans, under the lead of their masterful and spirited



AFTERNOON TEA WITH THE AMEER'S YOUNGEST SON.

ruler, are making in the arts and industries of Western civilization. It has long been known, of course, that Abdurrahman Khan's ambition is not only to reunite the Afghan tribes into a homogeneous nation, as Dost Mohammed also aimed to do, with indifferent success, but also to bring them as far up toward the European standard of civilization as may be possible in the lifetime of one generation—a task never before ventured upon by an Ameer of Cabul.

The picturesque popular conception of Afghanistan is that of the poet:

And many an Afghan chief, who lies beneath the cool, benighted stars,
Clutches his sword in fierce surprise,
As on the mountain-side he sees
The fleet-footed Marri, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of British drums
Beat at the gates of Candahar.

And that is doubtless quite right, so far as it goes. But equally true would be a picture showing the Afghan chief sitting in an easy British chair, in a room as modern in its appointments as any in Belgravia, seeing from afar the smoke and hearing from afar the whir and rumble and roar of steam-driven mill and factory, foundry and forge, and rolling-mill and mint and armory, covering acres of ground between the Asmal and Sher Darwaza heights, and employing a small army of swarthy and sinewy Afghan workmen. These works were founded and are conducted under the supervision of an Englishman, a Mr. Payne. But the idea of founding them arose in Abdurrahman's brain, and to him alone is to be given the credit of this remarkable advance in civilization.

It must be borne in mind that all the plant-machinery—for these works had to be imported, most of it from England. Now Cabul is not an easy place to reach. There is no railroad for many a hundred miles, and the "good roads" propaganda has not yet extended into Afghanistan. Every piece of machinery, even the ponderous engines, had to be carried on the backs of camels and elephants, across deserts, through forests, up steep and narrow mountain passes. So, too, with the thousands of tons of iron and steel used in the completed works. It is all brought in pigs and ingots from England, to be worked up by native labor into cannons and rifles and swords, and also the implements of peace. Coke and caustic soda and other "raw materials" also are imported from England. Why not have continued to import the finished articles, and avoided the toil and expense of building and conducting these works? A savage or a free trader would have done so, but Abdurrahman is neither. He wanted his people to learn to do these things. And then perhaps some day they will find coal and iron in their own mountains, and depend no longer upon the outer world even for raw materials.

Says a visitor who accompanied the mission, and who was allowed to inspect all parts of the works, writing in "The Times of India": "We were first shown over a workshop, 200 by 50 feet, in which gun boring was being carried on. Several breech-loading guns were being operated on, though the majority of the workmen were absent at the Ameer's residence, where they had taken two Hotchkiss six-pounders and three-pounder guns which were yesterday completed in the shops. All the guns that are now being made are of the breech-loading type, for solid drawn cartridges. At the other end of this shop the saw-mills were at work. The machinery comprises log frames, three 42-inch circular saws, planing and mortising machines, and dovetailing machines for box making, etc. The men seemed thoroughly to understand their work, and even those who, owing to the early hour, had not started their day's labor, set their machines in motion for my edification. We next entered the engine rooms, and it positively takes one's breath away to see such engines in this remote part of the world. At present the power employed is as follows: For the cartridge shop, general woodwork, planing and mowing, the machinery is composed of one pair condensing engines of 100 horse-power, one semi-portable engine of 10 horse-power, one semi-portable engine of 8 horse-power and one pair of condensing engines for rolling mills of 75 horse-power. One blowing engine of 10 horse-power is utilized for blast purposes for the whole of the workshops, thus effecting an immense saving in labor. From the engine rooms we went into the boiler houses, where there are two tubular boilers of 45 horse-power each, one Cornish boiler of 30 horse-power, one tubular of 16 horse-power, and one Root's boiler of 30 horse-power. These are all fired by wood, notwithstanding the difficulty in procuring it in sufficient quantities. All the buildings are of

stone or brick masonry, with iron roofs. The principal chimney is over 100 feet high. The visitors then entered the gun forge, and saw there fourteen or fifteen guns lying round the two-ton steam hammer, the anvil of which was made in the workshops and weighs twenty-eight tons. Last year two guns were made in this forge of 5-inch calibre, and machinery is now on the way up to Cabul capable of boring and rifling anything up to 6-inch bore and 14 feet long. The shell department was next inspected. Two hundred and fifty men and boys are here actively engaged in the work of making the shells. The boys moulding and the men fixing the cores. Owing to the difficulty of procuring moulding material, Mr. Payne has to resort to what is locally available, and though the shell-moulding machinery has been erected, the work of moulding has to be done mostly by hand. Both men and boys seem very expert at this branch of work. In the general foundry castings of iron in weight have been turned out. An overhead travelling crane runs the whole length of the building, which is 150x25 feet, and from the furnace at one end molten metal can be carried to the other with ease and rapidity.



THE AMEER AND HIS ELDEST SON.

The Ameer has himself more than once watched this interesting process, and expressed his pleasure at its success. "We now cross to the blacksmith's shop, employing 250 blacksmiths and hammer-men, all Afghans. There are sixty fires in this blacksmith's shop served by the blowing engine above mentioned. From here we walked to the shop where swords are made, and there inspected the powerful rolling-mills, which are only just being finished. The

size of these may be judged from the fact that the fly-wheel is six tons in weight. This was shipped in small segments suitable for camel transport from India, and has been put together here. The tooth-wheel, next the fly-wheel, is 14 feet in diameter and 12 inches on its face, and on the engine shaft itself is a small pinion wheel 2 feet in diameter. This engine is for rolling cartridge metal, also copper and silver for the mint. It is the most striking plant in the shop. We next entered the carriage shop, where the Martini-Henry solid-drawn cartridges are manufactured. The lead and gunpowder are of local make, and the cartridge metal has heretofore been purchased in England; but when the new rolling-mills are set in motion Cabul will be able to manufacture its own cartridges entirely. The capacity of this shop is sufficient to manufacture 10,000 cartridges a day, though the maximum hitherto attained has never exceeded 6,000. Adjoining this shop is the one where the Martini-Henry barrels are produced. I was shown several barrels in different stages, and those finished seemed as nearly perfect as possible. The same circumstances considered, they are wonderfully good. Some ten barrels a day are turned out."

One branch of the work, which Mr. Payne is proud of, is his soap-making plant, which has a large building to house it. This is an extremely profitable business, as the soap turned out finds a ready market at seven times its cost. A new workshop, larger than any of the existing ones, is now under construction. A shop for the manufacture of boots is also in full swing, and very excellent boots they were turning out.

When the visitors went to the Ameer's palace they found it equipped with furniture and carpets of approved European style. The Ameer himself sat in an ordinary arm-chair. He was plainly dressed in black broadcloth garments of European pattern, and, being a trifle lame, walked with the aid of a cane. He now wears European clothes altogether, excepting that he generally prefers a turban to a hat for headgear.

Dr. Gray, the Ameer's surgeon-general, related in "The London Graphic" a story of his call made on last New Year's Day (Mahomedan), in March last, on the Ameer's favorite wife, the Sultana Hallim, and her four-year-old son, Prince Mohammed. One four months old, the young Mohammed was received by the Prince, a bright-eyed little fellow, with a fair skin and dark hair. He has a fine suite of rooms in the Erg Palace, furnished in European style; and he has also his chamberlain, his "Commander-in-Chief," his wives, servants, horses and dogs. The rooms communicate with the harem serai, and the Sultana deposes him to receive and entertain those of the visitors who cannot enter the harem. The youngster received them with courteous dignity—an amusing imitation of the Ameer's manner. "He ordered tea and cigarettes to be brought, and proceeded to entertain us in the way that struck him as most suitable for his toys. They were cleverly mechanical ones from London and Paris, and he gave a demonstration of their working, solemnly watching our faces to see if we were amused. He asked if we would like some sweets. We assented; whereupon he called for pen and paper, and proceeded to write an order upon his storekeeper for a trayful. I need scarcely say the writing was in Urdu, and was given by those who had heard the order given. When the sweets were brought he warned us not to eat them too fast, lest we should be ill. He then wanted to join in, but his wife hinted to him in a whisper that he had eaten enough already. There was a crowd of little slave-boys round him—Kaffirs and Hazaras and others—prisoners of war, whose parents had been concerned in some of the numerous "risings." The Prince made me present of one of them, telling me to choose the one I liked best. Of course, I made some excuse, rather to the disappointment of my interpreter, who hoped I should pass the boy on to him. By the way, the Sultana had insisted on my vaccinating these boys at the time the Ameer had ordered me to vaccinate the Prince—that was what the Prince spoke of. The tutor said, "No, he was learning." But the Prince said he could, and he helped out two or three cold-blooded "swears." We were not amused, though the others laughed—but then

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